

1608/3543

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THE
NEWCASTLE SPORTSMEN;

OR,
A RACE TO HELL!

Between three noted Characters of the present Day,
viz.

A HIPOCRITICAL AND DEBAUCHED CLERGYMAN,
A CRUEL MILITARY MAN,
AND
A RELIGIOUS CORN DEALER, A MONOPOLIZER OF
PROVISIONS, AND A STARVER OF THE POOR;

WITH A
POSTSCRIPT.
A SATIRE.
BY THOMAS HOUSTON.

LIKEWISE,
A LOVE ELEGY;

WITH
THREE ODES;
Intended as Hints to such as will take them,
By his learned Friend, CUTHBERT CUDGEL, Esq.

Let folly spring—my eagle, falcon, kite,
Hawk—satire—what you will, shall mark her flight;
Through huts or palaces, ('tis just the same)
With equal rage pursues the panting game. PINDAR.

Newcastle on Tyne,
PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. MITCHELL;—SOLD ALSO BY WEST
AND HUGHES, NO. 40, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

1800.

[Price Six-pence.]



ADVERTISEMENT.



READER ! here is a race to hell between a hypocritical and debauched clergyman ; a cruel military man ; and a religious corn-dealer—a monopolizer of provisions, and a starver of the poor. You have here likewise a sketch of an insolent master tradesman, in a very sublime speech delivered by that blabbing trollop, y'clep'd FAME. The first of these characters the poet has wisely called CURIO ; and this imaginary mortal, by the leave of the critic, is designed to represent, or rather murder in effigy, a rascal who has, an hundred times before, murdered that darling daughter of Great-Britain and Ireland—RELIGION.—The second of these candidates for hell is, alas ! a mere whim of the writer. He thought that in such a populous town as Newcastle there would, in the ordinary course of things, be found a person in a military capacity, cruel to his inferiors, a flogger of our gallant foldiers (men of free-born spirits, that ever do more for words than blows) ; and, for his vanity, ignorance, and selfishness in private life, a scandal to the military profession. If, therefore, gentle reader ! says our author in this little advertisement, thou happenest, in the course of thy wanderings through this great town, to fix thine eyes

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ADVERTISEMENT.

upon any such person as that herein described, I beg thou wilt not swear to his face, that thou hast formerly seen his picture in poetry ; for he perhaps wears a sword, and might, ten to one, communicate his experience in “ cut one, two, three, &c. upon your scalp, or posteriors.—The third and last of these sportsmen is HORDIUS ; so named from his honourable profession. Of him it is needless to comment ; he is a corn-dealer, or the poet is mistaken in his calculation. Enough, enough !

“ Thus,” says our author again, “ my little poem, when concluded, resembles some building founded upon and wrought out of the ruins of several others. The workmanship may be handsome enough, but the materials promise it no long duration. Vice and obscurity, when united in a superstructure, seldom survive a few months ; therefore, all that I have to expect from my present undertaking, is, to bustle a few days, die, and be forgotten.”

T. HOUSTON.



A Race to Hell.



WHERE *Shakespeare* bids you stop and dine
Amidst his laurels and his wine ;
And L——s keeps an open hall
For guests of every kind that call ;
There, on what night I cannot tell, 5
Three happy friends together fell.

—Who, or what brought them thus together,
We need not ask ;—’twas thirsty weather ;
They wish’d to take a social glass ;—
But trifles such as these we pass. 10

They long had sat ; ’twas very late ;
Each slept at length, and hung his pate ;
Unsnuff’d, the candles dimly burn’d ;
And every vacant glass was turn’d.
’Twas then, to tell my story plain, 15
A curious dream inspir’d each brain :
They dreamt (for all their dreams were one)
That here the race of life they ran ;
Just as it was :—But more they knew ;
(And visions tell the future true ;) 20



They thought that Satan, anxious grown,
To have a favorite near his throne,
Had found some means to let them know
He waited on them all below.—

He, likewise, promis'd very fair 15

That who got best and soonest there
Should have an ample crown of gold ;
A gift—nor to be bought nor sold.

They thought too, and in sleep began,
That every soul ambitious ran. 30

Intent on Hell, and on the prize ;
While each his sleeping friend defies.

—They ran, indeed ; in sleep they ran ;

'Twas foot to foot, and man to man ;

And such their speed, 'twas hard to tell 35

Who, first or last, arriv'd at Hell.

They dreamt, too, (for they slept not sound)

That Satan all his gates unbound ;

But who should share his crown and pride

Was what the fire could not decide. 40

When all his wit and law had fail'd,

And murmurs oft his ears assail'd,

At length he pitch'd upon a way,

To end this honorary fray.

“ D'ye see, my friends,” (they dreamt, he spoke 45

A pleasant and instructing joke),

“ You each an equal title claim

To Hell and diabolic fame.



The prize you cannot all obtain,
 So farther waste of words is vain.—
 Let each his former actions tell :
 From actions we may judge as well."

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The sentence pass'd ; the prostrate crew
 Essay'd to speak, as men may do :
 For men, in sleep, not only talk,
 But sometimes rise and nightly walk.
 Each, in his turn, to speak prepar'd ;
 And ceas'd to snore, and mov'd his beard :
 First CURIO groan'd, a faint of fame ;
 And thus he seconded his claim.

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" My name is CURIO ; born a sinner,
 In vice I was a young beginner ;
 And early gave the will its way,
 Tho' taught to fast, and taught to pray.
 I early wish'd this strife to try ;
 And, bent th' Almighty to defy,
 Implor'd religion's hallow'd shade
 My deeds, un sanctify'd, to aid.
 How often in the house of pray'r,
 With look devout, and saint-like stare,
 Have I the song of praise began,
 And curs'd the God of whom it ran !
 How often in the holy place,
 With sinful heart, and prostrate face,
 Have I discharg'd a feign'd flood,
 And, kneeling, drank the Saviour's blood.

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75



How often on the banks of Tyne,
 Unseemly, drench'd in lust and wine,
 Have I, the Lord's own hallow'd day,
 Prophan'd with lips innur'd to pray ! 82
 How often have I loiter'd nigh
 Where famine sat, and poverty,*
 Yet not one farthing would bestow
 To ease a fellow-creature's woe ;
 How often have I went along, 85
 When maim'd distress essay'd his song ;
 Yet, deaf to heaven or earthly pride,
 Pass'd on---*upon the other side !*
 How often have I sinn'd by stealth——
 How often lov'd a neighbour's wealth ! 90
 How often robb'd him of his wife ;
 And sigh'd in secret for his life !
 How oft deny'd my former note ;
 How often worn a Parson's coat ;
 How often stripp'd the widow's cell, 95
 And yet forbid a place in Hell !”

He ceas'd. Pomposo thus began :
 “ Presumptuous and loquacious man !
 Canst thou with me provoke the strife,---
 Damn'd in too young and rich a wife ; 100
 Canst thou defy both God and law,
 From coach and six, or fam'd l-d-u ?

* See line 82 in the Notes,

Canst thou brave soldiers buy and sell,
Or flog whole troops at once to hell?

How oft have I beheld the tears
Of gallant men unus'd to fears.

How oft with stripes inglorious torn
Their flesh that nobler wounds had borne.

How oft have I delighted stood
To see my fellow-soldier's blood;

When shaded by his hairs of grey,
His back, in flakes, was hewn away!

Delightful task! unmov'd to stand
Amidst the military band;

There to perform the hangman's part,
With worse than hangman-look and heart.

Approach, ye soldiers! view at last
Your recompence for service past!—

Ye gallant souls, behold your gains
For toilsome steps, and red campaigns.

O grateful country! to forsake
Your honest guardian at the stake!

The thought must deeper wound his heart
Than bayonet, bullet, sword, or dart.

But pity, fly!—Avaunt! farewell!
Nor linger on the verge of Hell:

I never knew thy plaintive voice
Since Hell and Satan were my choice:

I never lodg'd thee in my breast,
Thou breaker of the villain's rest!



Mine are the crown and ruling rod ;
But thine to weep, thou child of God."---

He said ; and loudly snor'd again :
When HORDIUS cry'd, " Thy vaunts are vain,
'Twas mine the corn to buy and sell ; 135
And mortals deem me worthy Hell.
Yes, yes, 'twas mine to hoard the corn,
And mark a path for knaves unborn ;
'Twas mine to starve the wretched poor,
And humble wealth before my door. 140
My store-house oft was known to groan
With grain, when other rogues had none ;
The cargoes, there, of fleets were led,
When thousands died for want of bread.
From regions of oblivion dark 145
I first came forth a Grocer's Clerk ;
'Twas then, a solitary sinner,
I knew the want of friend and dinner.
'Twas then that heav'n, to me most civil,
Gave me to worship God or Devil : 150
I chose the last ; and men could see
Me bow to God, and worship thee.
Then, Curio-like, I oft would stand
Amidst a methodestic band
Bawling to heaven in wretched rhymes, 155
That mock'd good sense and holy times.
Yes, yes, I learn'd to cant and pray,
And yet pursu'd my sinful way---

And when poor Boxmen dar'd combine
 To purchase corn, and cheaply dine, 160
 I only sent a letter o'er——
 And freights and cargoes were no more.
 Then have I heard the orphan sigh,
 And seen the widow's streaming eye,
 For corn one single farthing down, 165
 Below the current price in town.
 But vain their ev'ry sigh and pray'r;
 At market price the corn was there:
 If they, too poor, refus'd to pay,
 Some richer fool might come that way. 170
 On Justice, Kenyon, Law, and all†
 How oft I've seen these wretches call——
 But, starving fools! ye were to blame;
 For Law and Kenyon never came.
 Ye might have ceas'd to call and pray, 175
 For Judge and Law will have their way;
 Ye might have set your hearts at ease,
 Nor frequent rail'd in words like these:
 "—Inhuman monster! Thus to hoard
 The honest servant of the board! 180
 Enough of gins and wines remain,
 If thou must hoard for thirst of gain.
 On such, at least, thy knavery try,
 Such, such monopolize and buy:

† See line 171 in the Notes.



Let wealth's proud wants besiege thy door; 185
But spare—O spare the starving poor.”

“ Enough !” The fiend impatient roar'd ;
“ The prize is yours !”—(He dreamt and snor'd)
While glasses, bowls, and candles fall,
And deeper darkness covers all. 190



POS CR I P T.

READERS ! we thought our labour done,
Soon as this race was fairly run !
But Fame, a nymph you all must know,
Declar'd she would not have it so.
“ I know a man,” the goddess cries, 195
“ Who, daily, heaven and me defies :
Had he been there, his better speed
The crown and hell had gain'd indeed,
Old Satan, sure, is now grown blind,
To leave so great a man behind——. 200
O write, my Bard, and truly tell
Of him, his men, and dinner bell :
Tell of his riches and his duns ;
And how the Conscience-Court he flauns.
His name then—But his name you know : 205
Who has not heard of ANGELO ?

Unfeeling man ! I lately knew
 A youth that into debt he drew ;
 Just as a spider from on high
 Hangs out his net to catch a fly. 210
 Least here my shaft should miss its aim,
 I'll tell a tale†---perhaps the same :
 Let truth be truth ; we wont be *cramm'd*,
 Tho' genius starve and wit be damn'd.

My tale then---' Once upon a day 215
 A workman went to get his pay :
 His master, too, you all must know,§
 Was very like our Angelo.
 He enter'd ; bow'd so very civil,
 And trembled as before the devil : 220
 Then, with a voice of plaint and pray'r,
 Declar'd what errand brought him there.
 The master heard ; and then, sublime !
 Perus'd the book of workmen's time ;
 --'Twas right ; and over what was due 225
 He gave another shilling too.

The fellow seiz'd the glitt'ring store ;
 His heart was lighter than before ;
 And, as if this would never fail,
 Enjoy'd a harmless glass of ale. 230

† See line 212 in the Notes.

§ See line 217 in the Notes.



Another Saturday appear'd ;
Another glass his spirits cheer'd ;
For fortune now, as heretofore,
Had likewise sent a shilling more.

For several weeks this gift he drew : 235
What loads of work he labour'd through ?
He blest the man that gave him bread ;
And drank his glass; and nobler fed.

At length, (O that it ne'er had been !)
One fatal Saturday was seen ; 240
Our youth, impatient as before,
Arriv'd, and told his errand o'er.
The master heard, and humbly said
Dear Sir !---You've long been overpaid ;
This moment all is strait and clear, 245
Next week, you know, will soon be here."

Our swain stood stupify'd and dumb ;
Survey'd the floor, and bit his thumb ;
Retir'd with heavy heart and head,
And went, without his glass, to bed." 250

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Elegy was written by my honored friend, Cuthbert Cudgel, Esq. and was intended as a necessary hint to such of the fair as find their lovers linger on the road to matrimony. It was likewise intended to apologize for such of the ether sex, as, through an adversity of fortune, might deem it inconvenient to conclude that important negotiation.

I told my friend Cuthbert, on his offering it to me, that perhaps the public would find in it numberless faults; and the answer he returned was, "I believe my faults are many, but I had best let them grow as they sprung up, lest it should be said of them, as Mr Punch once said of his nose, on being told by somebody that it was too large; 'that is very true, kind sir,' said he, 'but I'll keep it as it is; for if this was gone, the bungling fool that made it would certainly clap on a bigger.'"

THOMAS HOUSTON.

52
A LOVE ELEGY,

BY CUTHBERT CUDGEL, ESQ.

TO DELIA.

WHILE sultry noon, O Delia! rages nigh,
How cool we sit beneath this woodbine shade—
But why that pensive look, that heaving sigh?
And why this tear, too kind and tender maid?

B



From loss of friends proceeds this dismal change ?
Some faithless confidante, or cruel fire ?
Some fickle youth that sues and still would range ?
Some false one that could more than love desire ?

Or these, or more sad causes, may unite
To rend thy bosom with untimely woes :
These rob that bosom of its native white ;
These ravish from thy cheek its vernal rose.

Ah ! no.----Nor rivals in thy love I fear :
Believe not, Delia, while I speak in jest.
No fickle youth extorts that cruel tear ;
Far other griefs distress that virgin breast.

Have I too long adjourn'd the nuptial day ?----
Nam'd it too oft ; and heard it nam'd in vain ?----
These thoughts on Delia's gentle bosom prey,
She doubts my constancy, and blames her swain.

O blame not me, my much enduring fair !
O blame not me, but fortune too severe :
Others have flocks and fields ; but want and care
Alone, to me conclude the toilsome year.

Had I but wealth to render life secure,
How soon would Hymen on our wishes smile !
But hopes like these for ever must allure ;
Vain hopes, to flatter, only to beguile !



Heavens ! once how light I made of bags and gold !
How light of gold and bags I yet would make ;
But now when blifs may even be bought and fold,
Too late I court them for my Delia's fake.

You weep !---But weep not thus my kindest fair !
Forbear to wound me with the mournful sight :
O yield not up that bosom to despair !
Fortune may smile, and yet forget her spite.

Wealth yet may flow, and years and friends increase ;
(But O forbid such treach'rous friends my door)
Yet lovely babes may crown our lasting peace ;
And wedded blifs our mutual love secure.

Behold where yonder stately turrets rise,
Midst many a winding stream and sheltering tree :
Where costly art with rustic nature vies---
Yon happy pair were poor, and lov'd, as we !

Nor then was Corydon of lands possess'd ;
Nor then his flocks on blooming pasture stray'd,
Then toil and care disturb'd his sweetest rest ;
And love subdu'd him to one gentle maid.

He lov'd his Myra, and would often say,
While sighs and tears express the maiden's grief,
“ —Our frowning morn may turn a pleasant day ;
Our sorrows, Myra, yet may find relief.”



Even as he said---Their cloudy morning pass'd ;
 An early day of wealth and splendour came ;
 In Hymen's court their vows were crown'd at last :
 They live,--they love,--they breathe a mutual flame.

CUTHBERT CUDGEL'S

Attempt at Ode writing.

AN ODE TO BEAUTY.

HAIL queen of charms!---O thou transcendant !
 With modesty thy fair attendant !
 Hail mistress of divine creation !
 Hail, source of life and propagation :
 True love's attracting star and Cuthbert's constella-
 tion !
 In all thy virgin whiteness drest,
 Say, fittest thou on LAURA's breast ?
 Does Laura's cheek thy form disclose,
 In all the opening blushes of a rose ?
 On Laura's lip,---In Laura's eye,
 Midst pearly tears you often lie---
 Those downcast eyes, with love's full pleasure tremb-
 ling,
 Reveal thy presence, goddess!---(Laura, Laura, no
 dissembling !

~~~~~

When Laura's hair in jetty ringlets flows,  
 You fold the glossy curls, and half betray  
 A bosom heaving midst its native snows---  
 Midst sheltering lawn ambitious of the day.

Thou, too, the amorous Tyne will oft invest,  
 When Laura's naked charms his waters kiss---  
 O will the hoary stream those charms molest  
 That shade th' elysium of the poet's bliss?  
 Ah! no----The rambling dotard worn with age,  
 Feels not thy warming power transcendent  
 beauty;  
 Laura may oft elude the lecher's rage,  
 And turn to Cuthbert's arms, and love, and duty.

◆

## A NEWCASTLE ODE,

BY CUTHBERT CUDGEL, ESQ.

=====

———And catch the manners living as they rise.

Pope.

**H**AIL, O thou prince of streams! Majestic Tyne!  
 And thou, far famous town, *Newcastle*, hail!  
 Long may thy sons explore the fable mine!  
 Long may thy vessels catch the wandering gale!



But what congratulations can I bring?—

Thy sons are virtuous.—very virtuous all!  
Praise them my muse! Exalt again thy wing,  
But dip not these thy sacred plumes in gall.

Of ———, ———, ———, late you sung,  
In notes that might the lonely mother charm  
In notes that well might suit the orphan tongue;  
In notes that might the heart of hunger warm.

Thou still would'st sing their praise, but O forbear  
To speak of flogg'd dragoon, or hoarded corn;  
Or sailor lame, with unrewarded tear;  
Or servant sad unpaid, and all forlorn.

Forbear to speak of Satan and of Hell;  
Enough of *laud* remains thy skill to try:—  
Say, cannot martial captains suit as well;  
And martial feathers towering to the sky.

Yes, such may suit—O Tavern-warriors hail,  
Whose virgin swords ne'er drank a crimson flood;  
Whose prowess past no vanquish'd shades bewail;  
Whose deeds can never weep in valiant blood.

Hail ye, who eye askance the warlike files,  
And strut Pomposo like from front to rear;  
On whom the grateful soldier never smiles,  
But views with hateful glance and heart of fear.



~~~~~  
On whom no beams of livid suns descend,
Like Priam's fop, whose looks and hearts are fair;
Whose eloquence divine whole mobs attend;
While ancient maidens praise your speech in air.

But, ho!----The Muse is gone! and all forlorn
Poor Cuthbert wanders now without a guide:
On Pegasus the thrifty maid is borne——
To drink of Helicon's inspiring tide.

She rides!----resembling those in tragic vogue,
Who ride from Grub-street hall to Drury Lane,
On some high courser, spavin'd, german rogue
Of snort, and trot, and canter dev'lish vain.

She rides!----resembling those with spur severe,
Who Odes like tuneful whips melodious crack,
When thousands welcome in the infant year;
When Pye has mighty thousands at his back.

But once again she comes! And how sublime,
She, downward steering cleaves the liquid sky!
Her mental ear is wrapt in future rhyme,
What wonders blaze upon her eagle eye.

Relate my Muse, relate thou wayward maid,
The wonders that thy looks but ill disclose:
Say hast thou slept in some parnassian shade,
Or drank of aught that from the mountain flows.

“ Alas ! my bard ! My expedition fail’d ;——
 My courser slip’d, and fell amidst the Tyne :
 In that same river I some hours regal’d,
 ’Twas my Castalia this ; ’twas all my wine.

I crawl’d ashore where fish and corn are sold,
 And smart retailers all their projects try ;
 I saw these bribe the constables with gold ;
 And Mr Mayor and citizens defy.

I saw, in rags, without a home or shed,
 A widow and her children move along ;
 No generous heart bestow’d the cheering bread ;
 No *poor-house* even receiv’d the pensive throng.

O ye” thought I “ that patronize the poor,
 Your penetrating judgment how sublime !
 With you imposture finds an open door ;
 But real want must call some other time.

There saw I too, on Gig of monstrous height,
 Secure beneath th’ umbrella’s filken shade,
 A champion skill’d in cupid’s wars to fight,
 A foldier for reviews and birth-days made.

Heavens ! how he drove amidst the flying fair !
 O how he slack’d, and how he curb’d the rein !
 What wrinkl’d beauties paid their homage there !
 Low at his wheels what stubborn hearts were gain’d !

~~~~~

There, too. I saw, where T-----r hangs the *queen*,  
A comely *Brute*, by modest ladies fed,  
Y'clep'd a goat---a goat in form and mein,  
Powerful incentive to fair Venus' bed !

Blush ! blush ! I softly said, ye am'rous maids,  
That here before a queen your dalliance hold ;  
These porticoes are not like Cyprian shades,  
Nor here to Cytherea tales are told.

But why, or wherefore, should you blush, ye dames ?  
Continu'd I, in glib ironic strains ;  
The bull of *Crete* might better suit your flames,  
But goats are Cretan bulls on English plains.

Agenor's royal daughter, too, I own,  
Felt somewhat like a flame for crafty Jove,  
When, like a bull, to very bullhood grown,  
He graz'd the lawn, and play'd his pranks of love.

Even many 'xamples could the muse produce  
To prove your innocence---all ancient lore---  
But still 'twere best you drop such rank abuse  
Of love--and feeding goats at T-----'s door."

A

## CONGRATULATORY ODE,

*To the Members of the different independent Box Societies  
that lately entered into Resolutions to prevent Impossi-  
tion, and be their own Corn Dealers.*

BY CUTHBERT CUDGEL, ESQ.

**B**ROTHERS in freedom, fortune, and in fame,  
Long may your aims to cheapen corn succeed !  
May heav'n reward your independent scheme ;  
May tongues of millions bless you for the deed !

O may your ships the ocean ride, secure  
From plund'ring privateer, or ruthless storm ;  
In Tyne's smooth channel may they safely moor,  
While waiting lighters all his waves deform !

May never famine on your doors intrude !  
May never sickness in your dwellings reign !  
May still your babes have cloaths, and fire, and food !  
And may your partners bear them free from pain !

May smiling peace your habitations know !  
May wealth and honour all your labours crown !  
May fame your deeds to future ages show,  
O men of honest lives and fair renown !

Forgive, my friends, forgive the vagrant muse,  
If here she drops her panegyric style ;  
But follow still, while she her theme pursues,  
With tongue disdainful, or ironic smile.



Full many a Hordius, with infernal spite,  
 This last fair deed of your's will laugh to scorn;  
 Bet Cuthbert, too, has learn'd of such to write;  
 O well for these had Cuthbert ne'er been born.

Yes, many a Hordius shall your deeds defame;  
 Alas! that e'er you merited their rage?  
 Why spoil at last their mercenary game?  
 Why in their northern South-Sea trade engage?

Behold where in their coaches, richly deck'd,  
 Our B-----, R-----, and D----- ride;  
 Ye sons of poverty, why e'er expect  
 To spoil such grandeur, and such vulgar pride.

Why ask the price, at Baltic, Elbe, or Rhine,  
 Of wheat, that here for mighty fums is sold;  
 Of wheat that scarce can feed Northumbrian swine--  
 Of wheat that little bulwark'd *Egypt's* hold!

O rather than molest these sons of gain,  
 Let wives and parents hungry bellies feel;  
 Let clamorous children cry for bread in vain;  
 Let all your days conclude with *hemp* or *steel*.

Turn thieves, highwaymen, hang amidst your friends;  
 But ask not, boxmen, why the corn is dear:  
 Let ----- ask it, when to heav'n he bends,  
 With traitor heart, and counterfeited tear.



O let the hypocrite, of all he meets,  
Ask why so sad and sorrowful they go ;  
Ask why such famine in Newcastle streets---  
Amidst such plenty, why such looks of woe ?

Let Rusby ask it, whom our matchless laws  
And matchless judges taught to feel their pow'r ;  
'Midst mob and pillory, and loud applause,  
O let him ask, and curse his natal hour.

But why so far as London wander, muse ?  
Enough remains to sing beside the Tyne :  
Yes, members, we might sing the forg'd excuse  
Of him who strove to baulk your late design :---

Of him who thought you too unlearn'd by far  
To calculate the sum your need requir'd ;  
Of him who deems your worships on a par  
With savage hordes in Afric woods retir'd.

O men uncouth, that labour with your hands,  
Why e'er pretend to talk of subtle lore ;  
Let those who largely trade in corn and lands,  
Direct your councils and augment your store.

It ill befits you thus to meet and vote,  
It ill befits your blunter tongues to wag,  
While men of softer voice and finer coat  
May better tie or loose your money bag.



~~~~~

You should not know to count a single pound,
You should not know your friends indeed from foes;
For guineas seldom with the poor are found,
And rich men strive to lead you by the nose.

Advance your noses, then, ye shabby crew,
That thoughtless ply the dull mechanic trade;
The rich have far profounder brains than you---
The rich of finer stuff than you are made.

Cry "Abba, father!" to each rev'rend knave,
Grown grey, perhaps, and rich by hoarding corn:
Cry "Honor'd Sir! behold your humble slave,
"To serve your honour were your servants born!

To serve you, Sir, in thousands we unite,
And, bee-like, gather honey for your use:"
But when to purchase corn you crave your mite,
'Tis nothing, then, O boxmen! but abuse.

Again, farewell! but, O! remember long
'This ode by Cuthbert, written for your sakes
By him who ever feels the tradesman's wrong---
Whose muse again to heav'n her journey takes.

FOUR NOTES TO THE RACE,

BY CUTHBERT CUDGELL, Esq.

LINE 32. Where famine sit and poverty.] The word Poverty here has raised a clamour against the taste of the Author. "It is too old-fashioned to rhyme with Nigh," say the Critics. "But," says the Poet, in answer to these Gentlemen, "I am determined that it shall rhyme with Nigh.—Too much art, or appearance of art, compleatly spoils a work. Tell such hasty judges, Cuthbert, that I was not overseen here in composition; but wrote this rhyme with the same intention as the Gentleman who planted weeds among his flowers, that the meaness of the one might be a contrast for the beauty of the other: Besides, we should not spin the thread of composition so fine as to break it."

Line 171. On Justice, Kenyon, Law, and all—J Here is another weed among the flowers, or another coarse thread in composition, according to the author of the Race. He knows that it might be expressed some other way; but his obstinacy is proof against every remonstrance. I have heard him too declare, in opposition to those who censure his here using the name of an upright Judge, that he ever thought Mr KENYON a man of as great penetration and probity as any that ever sat in the Court of King's Bench; but his name was here used to illustrate an important and too much experienced truth—"That the distresses of the lower classes of people in this island will ever find but difficult access to the ears of persons in power, be they never so upright and impartial in the administration of justice."

Line 212. I'll tell a tale—.] This tale is only told by the Goddess Fame, a Nymph that sometimes deals in untruths; but she declares to our Poet that she had it from good authority.

Line 217. His master too you all must know.] The author's obstinacy is here again displayed. A very great man (but we will not say a great critic) had censured it in manuscript, as too common a phrase;—"But," said the Poet, "if simplicity of diction be a fault in story-telling, language is of no other use to mankind than to embarrass them."

FINIS.

From the press of J. Mitchell,
Dean-street.



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